

of the whole was the contrast between the
" dry and
thirsty land where no water is " and abundant
moisture,
between the scanty and scorched herbage of
the arid
mountains and the " trees planted by the
rivers of water,"
but I confess that the length and
overpowering fatigue of
that thirty-three miles' march, much of it in
blazing heat,
following on three nights without sleep,
soon dulled
my admiration of the plain. Hour after
hour passed
on its gravelly margin, then came melon
beds, files of
donkeys loaded with melons in nets, gardens
of cucum-
bers and gourds, each with its " lodge,"
irrigation channels,
dykes, apricot and mulberry orchards,
lanes bordered
with the graceful *elcegnus*, a large and busy
village, where
after a very uncertain progress we got a local
guide, and
then a low isolated hill, crowned by a
dwelling arranged
for security, and a liberally planted garden,
a platform
with terraced slopes and straight formal
walks, a terrace
with a fine view, and two tanks full of
turtles (which
abound in many places) under large willows,
giving a
pleasant shade. Between them I have
pitched my
tents, with the lines of an old hymn
constantly occurring
to me—

"Interval of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head."

Burujird, one and a half mile off, and scarcely seen above the intervening woods, gives a suggestion of civilisation to the landscape. In the sunset, which is somewhat fiery, Shuturun and the precipices of the Tang-i-Bahrain are reddening.

The last three marches have been more
severe than
the whole travelling of the last three
months. Happy
thought, that no call to "boot and saddle"
will break
the stillness of to-morrow morning! I. L. B.